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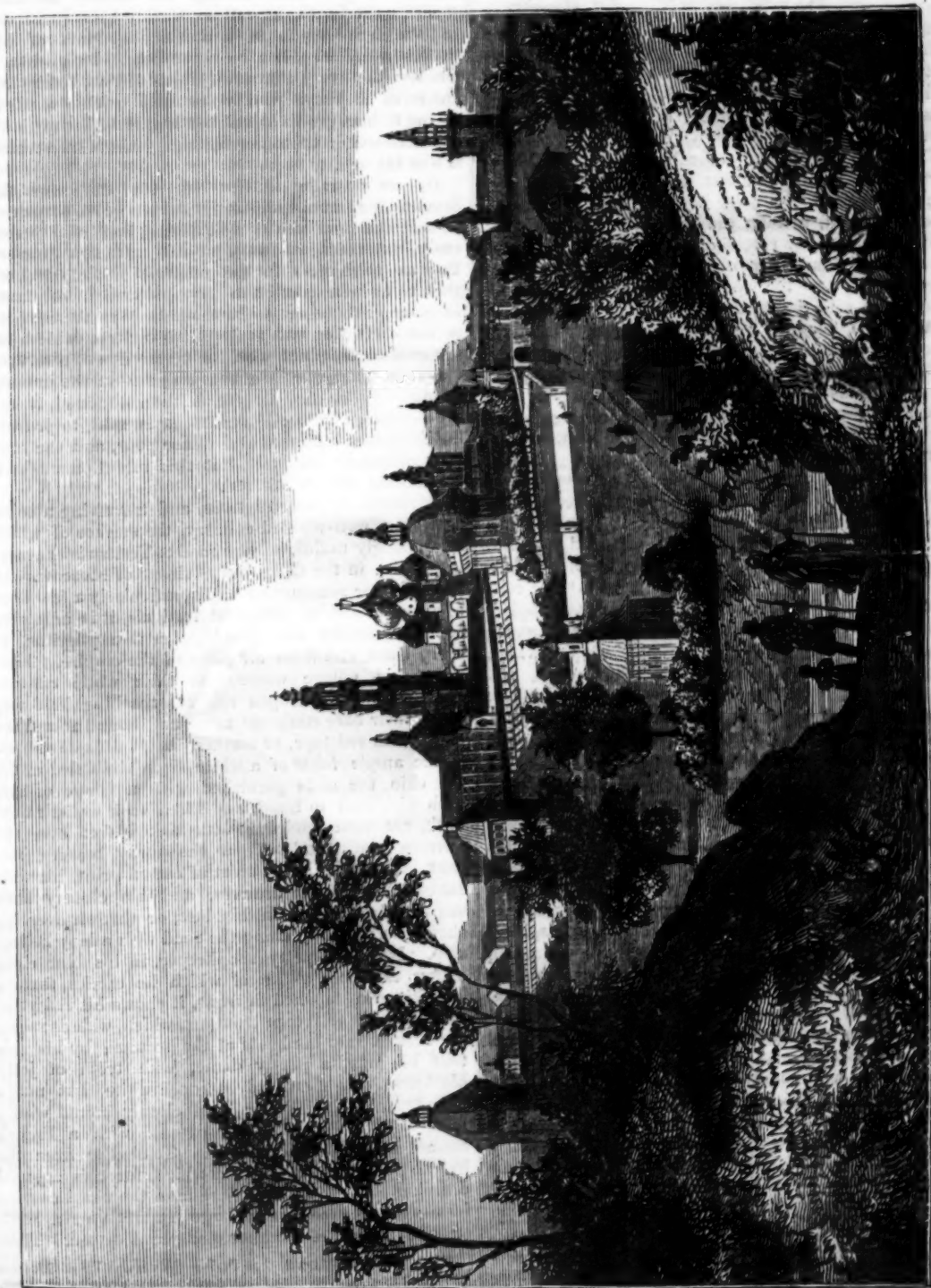
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GENERAL VIEW OF THE MONASTERY OF TROITZA, (THE HOLY TRINITY,) NEAR MOSCOW.

SKETCHES OF RUSSIA.

No. VI.

THE MONASTERY OF TROITZA, (THE HOLY TRINITY.)

THE monastery of Troitza Serguieva, the second rank in the empire, is situated sixty-four versts from Moscow, in the government of Vladimir. Connected with the stirring events of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when Russia was still struggling to throw off the oppressive yoke of the Tatar khans, and as the scenes, in later times, of repeated sanguinary struggles during the civil wars of the usurpers, the Polish invasions, and the rebellions of the Strelitz, its history demands attention, whilst the veneration with which its founder SERGE is regarded throughout Russia, as one of its national saints, will claim for him a passing notice.

Countless astounding legends of the early life of Serge are told, and amongst the ignorant most devoutly believed; such, for instance, as his refusing, when an infant, to take the breast during the fasts; his instantaneously receiving the power to read, and others of similar character. These we pass over, as uninteresting to the reader, and happily little in accordance with the taste of an English public.

After the death of his parents, Cyril and Mary, who were of noble race, Serge, in company with his brother, took up his abode in a hermitage formed by his own hands in the depth of a forest, on the spot where the monastery now stands. There he passed a life of the most rigid austerity and seclusion, till the year 1338, when the fame of his sanctity having gathered about him numerous monks, who built their cells around his hermitage, a church was erected, and dedicated to the holy Trinity (Troitzza), and a community formed, of which he was nominated superior. "Through an excess of humility," says his biographer, the metropolitan Philaret, "he wished not to be consecrated its abbot. He commanded by his example." Many of the cells were constructed by his own hands; it was he who hewed the wood, and drew the water, for the community; who made the vestments, and prepared the food. Still continuing to lead a life of comparative seclusion, he nevertheless rendered important services to his country, and, by his advice, Dmitri the czar was induced to engage the formidable Mamai Khan, whom he defeated. The gratitude of the czar knew no bounds in the riches he heaped upon the national sanctuary. Serge expired in prayer, in the year 1393, in the seventy-eighth year of his age; "at the moment he yielded up his breath," says our monkish authority, "a grateful odour was diffused throughout the cell, and his countenance took the pure and placid air of a disembodied spirit."

The following year the Khan Jedighie, again leading the Tatar hordes against Moscow, sacked, and totally destroyed, the monastery of Troitza. When, laden with spoil, he had quitted the country he had continued to devastate with fire and sword for a series of years, Nikon, the successor of Serge, returned with the community to the desolated spot, where, beneath the ruins, they sought the body of their founder, which, having discovered entire, intact, and uncorrupted, they exposed with great solemnity to the veneration of the faithful. "At the moment of opening the coffin, a bland perfume was exhaled, and his vestments were found entire, notwithstanding the humidity of the soil in which he was interred." The monastery was rebuilt of massy stone, and strongly fortified. The preservation of the body being deemed miraculous, his relics drew crowds of worshippers, whose gifts enriching the monastery,

rendered it what it now is, the "Loretto" of the Russian church, and enabled it, at different epochs, efficaciously to serve the national cause. In the disastrous times, during which the pretenders to the throne ravaged Moscow, and civil war devastated the whole country, Troitza, although repeatedly besieged by superior forces, was never taken. Its immense riches attracted the cupidity of the Poles, who, in 1609 and 1610, laid siege to it for sixteen months without success, after which a peace was concluded under its very walls. During the stormy minority of Peter the Great, as well as during a revolt of the guards ("Strelitz,") in a subsequent part of his reign, it afforded him a secure asylum. In gratitude for its shelter, Peter always carried with him an image of St. Serge, which was fixed within a panel of the shrine. This is still shown, inscribed with an enumeration of the different engagements into which it was taken*.

By an outrage of the Empress Catherine the Second, the monastic establishments were deprived of the land and slaves which they had long previously possessed, to an immense extent. That of Troitza held serfs to the number of 116,000, together with a corresponding proportion of land. In place of these, an amount adequate to the support of the institution was assigned to each, payable from the public exchequer, with the permission of reserving a sufficient number of slaves to perform the manual labour. With the vast funds thus obtained, it was the intention of the Empress, it is said, to provide for the better maintenance of the poor, and the support of public hospitals, but this intention was not, we believe, strictly fulfilled.

Bordered by rows of trees, and traversing a cultivated and well-wooded country, the surface of which is pleasingly undulated, the road to Troitza is the most interesting in the delightful environs of Moscow. In the Summer season, and more particularly a few days previous to any of the great festivals, it is animated by an immense throng of pedestrian pilgrims, of every class, and from all parts of the empire. Here groups of village women, in their white canvass *zypoun*, with wide open sleeves, reaching half way down their bare sunburnt arms, and bound round the edges with red tape, or leather, their heads enveloped in the ample folds of a white linen cloth tied under the chin, the ends garnished with a fringe of red, each with staff in hand, and birch bark wallet at the back, are seen trudging with naked feet over the burning sandy road. There, the sturdy, bearded peasant, barefooted, in his shirt of cotton print, his wide canvass or ticking drawers, and his clumsy bark sandals dangling from his belt, or thrown over his shoulders, shuffling along the road with a lazy listless step. Now the petty shopkeeper, in his blue cloth caftan, the long skirts of which he carries thrown over his arm; opened in front, it shows his red print shirt and his velveteen trowsers, which, wide as sacks, are tucked into his boots at the bottom; by his side toils his wife, a portly dame, with teeth of jetty blackness, in a flaunty dress, once white, but not a little travel-stained; her head closely bound with a plain silk handkerchief, or covered with a French bonnet of last age's fashion. To shelter from the burning sun her cheeks, (on which, for this especial occasion, she has spread more than the usual coating of rouge,) she carries a large umbrella or a well-fringed parasol of pink or pea-green cotton. Their

* It is worthy of remark, that during the occupation of Moscow by the French, who were eager in wantonly desecrating every altar, and violating every tomb for hidden riches, no attempt was made by the unlicensed soldiery to penetrate to Troitza, wholly destitute as it was of defence, and filled with immense and portable treasures.

talk is of roubles, and if they linger to look at a beautiful scene, it is but to wonder how much the timber would fetch for firewood.

Then the merchant of staid and thoughtful mien, with his comely wife and decently-attired family; a *kabitka* following with a mattress and various little comforts for the journey, and to quicken their return. The nobility have a more convenient but rather equivocal way of fulfilling their vows. Driving to the city-gates, they then descend, and from thence proceed on foot for a few versts, till rather tired, when they again enter into their carriage, which has followed them, crammed with requisites for the road, including cooking apparatus, eatables, &c., and a huge bundle of bedding strapped on behind. They continue their journey at a rapid pace, till within an easy distance of the monastery, into which they enter on foot in guise of pilgrims. There are numerous peasants' houses on the road, at which accommodations, such as they are, may be obtained; these are frequented chiefly by the middling classes. The peasantry content themselves with a green sward and a leafy canopy, where, sheltered from the sun, they sleep off their fatigue, or partake of their humble meal of black bread and salt with the relish of an onion, and a *hat-full* of water from the nearest stream. If not of the poorest, they may, perhaps, indulge in the luxury of *blinē*, a species of thick pancake, eaten with black hemp-seed oil, and made of groats or millet prepared by peasant girls, who, for the purpose, occupy during the season little wattled hovels covered with green branches, and skirting the forests on the road side.

On quitting the city-gates, the pilgrims of the lower classes disencumber themselves of their shoes, stockings, and other superfluous articles of clothing; then turning towards the countless glittering cupolas and spires of "Mother Moscow," (as they fondly term their beloved city,) they supplicate a blessing on their pilgrimage, addressing their invocations to different saints, as the eye rests on the churches respectively dedicated to their memory, concluding with profound and repeated prostrations, kneeling, and touching the ground with their foreheads.

At the distance of thirty versts on the road, is a hermitage, generally visited by the pilgrims, the work of an anachorite of modern days,—but it is to be hoped the last of his race,—who made himself a monk, and died in 1827, under the name of Anthony. The place itself consists of two miserable gloomy cells, entered by long narrow and tortuous passages, excavated on the side of a hill, and lined with brick-work. It is at present occupied by two monks, who feed the sacred lamp that burns before two or three holy pictures, and receive the contributions of the visitors. A few versts further is a pretty oratory, almost buried in a tuft of lofty weeping birch-trees, from whence in the distance a glimpse is caught of the white ramparts and gilded cupolas of the monastery.

The space once occupied by the capacious moat, which encircled the wall of the Troitza in more turbulent times, is now converted into gardens belonging to the institution. The whole is surrounded by a belt of fine old trees, and appears in a distant view as though embosomed in a thick wood, presenting a highly picturesque object of great interest, independent of the associations connected with its eventful history. The battlemented walls, once strongly fortified with heavy cannon, and so frequently the scene of bloody conflicts, are now converted into a peaceful cloistered gallery, from the embrasures of which, several beautiful views of the surrounding country are obtained.

Crowds of crippled mendicants throng the entrance, and drag other hideous disfigured forms across the courts of the convent, attracted thither in the hope of miraculous cure, or, perhaps, more frequently by the expectation of gain from the pilgrims, who are generally, on these occasions, more than ordinarily charitable. At the gates, money-changers are seated, as in the Jewish temple of old.

In a future number, we shall accompany a more particular description of the beautiful edifices within the walls of the monastery, with a view of one of them.

CASE OF SUFFERING AT SEA.

THE following case of extreme suffering lately occurred to a boy of the name of Cope, belonging to his Majesty's ship *Revenge*, who, with an artillery-man, was drifted out of Malta harbour in a small boat.

WILLIAM COPE (a boy of the first class), belonging to his Majesty's ship *Revenge*, went on shore on leave at Malta, on the morning of the 15th of April, 1837. Towards midnight he was about to return to his ship, with an old school-mate, Alexander Chambers, private of the Royal Artillery, serving at Fort St. Angelo, and, not at once finding a boatman, and having quarrelled with some Maltese, the Artillery-man took a boat and pushed off for the *Revenge*. Cope, being intoxicated, fell asleep in the bottom of the boat. Chambers, who was also in liquor, pulled about for some time, but lost one of the oars, and likewise fell asleep.

Next morning they found they had drifted far outside the harbour's mouth. For two days they appear to have kept sight of the island, but were not able to get to the shore, with one oar; at length it came on to blow, and they lost sight of the island. Their sufferings from hunger, and afterwards from thirst, appear to have been dreadful; a few passing showers enabled Cope to catch a little fresh water in his frock, but the sea was so heavy that the frock caught as much salt water as fresh.

Days passed on and no sail—no hope appeared, the agonies of thirst became more and more intolerable, and nothing was then left but despair. About the fifth day they seem to have held a consultation on their prospects, and to have determined to await resignedly the approach of death, in order that if their bodies should ever be found in the boat, it would exculpate themselves from a charge of desertion, and others from the suspicion of having murdered them. Soon after they seem to have resolved to die together, and to this end took the plug out of the boat, and, locked in each other's arms and tied together, lay down to drown. The boat swamped, but would not sink. Cope got up and said that he had thus offered to die, but as it seemed that God had willed otherwise, he put in the plug and bailed the boat with his hat. The Artillery-man said he would not live any longer; his legs were swollen to the size of his thighs, his belly drawn up to nothing, his face inflamed, mouth foaming, speech nearly gone, and eye-sight dim; his conversation when speaking of his friends was intelligible, but he showed evident symptoms of insanity, and on the eighth day he jumped overboard and was drowned. Cope appears to have done his utmost to dissuade him, and to have thrown him a rope, which Chambers made an attempt to catch.

On the following day, twenty-six hours after Chambers drowned himself, a vessel hove in sight; Cope had scarce strength to hold his hat up on a pole, but he was seen and picked up by an Ionian bark, bound to Constantinople, after having been from the night of 15th April to the 24th, without a morsel of food or a drop of liquid, save salt water, which he could not resist drinking.

ONE of the greatest pleasures in the retirement of a country life is taking a morning's walk into the neighbouring fields, where we constantly find something new to engage the attention and employ our thoughts. Objects are daily presented to the view, which afford fresh matter for study and contemplation—the grass beneath our feet, the waving corn, the trees on every side, the birds on every spray, and herds and flocks around, all, all proclaim the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator, while they silently reproach our scanty knowledge of, and little love for, that gracious God "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

THE GNAT.

THE Gnat, in our country*, is a real scourge. It was the fourth plague which was inflicted on hardened Egypt. The Phœnicians, under the influence of superstition, the madness which makes that feared which should be loved, and that worshipped which should be dreaded, forgetting the true God, raised altars to Beelzebub, the prince of the gnats, whom they represented under the shape of this dreaded insect. For a long while in America, myriads of mosquitoes arrested the progress of civilization, and the inroads of Europeans in the virgin forests of the new world; and the provinces of Languedoc and Provence are infested by them to such a degree that the people who inhabit those countries are forced to set bounds to that patriotic enthusiasm which induces them to affirm that their native land is a paradise, by adding, ... If it were not for the *mistral* wind and the Gnats.

This torment attacks us in May, and does not leave us till November; the only breathing-time from it, is during the momentary influence of the north wind. Before the dawn, the Gnats whirl in the air, and envelop in their close ranks, him who seeks to enjoy the freshness of morning in the fields. At mid-day, they hum in the shade, and impudently drive thence the traveller who longs to find a shelter from the vertical rays of the sun. The evening is the time of their greatest sport; they are to be seen infesting every drive and walk, from which they chase the fashionable; they invade the streets, from which they are, with great difficulty, driven by fires which give our towns the appearance of bivouacs, at the risk of reducing them to ashes. Sometimes they appear at the tops of trees or on the eaves of the roofs, in columns twenty feet long, forming fantastic garlands, or motionless pillars, which the wind scarcely undulates, and which appear at a distance like living water-spouts. This cruel insect, which pursues us in the evening, gives us no respite during the night. Woe to the stranger who has not been insured for some years to this insupportable plague. Woe to him who imprudently leaves his window open in the evening to air his bed-room. During the night, (an August night, when there is neither dew nor freshness,) we must be carefully enclosed under a muslin or gauze tent, which concentrates around us a stifling atmosphere. But again, woe to the hapless wight in whose curtain the smallest hole leaves an admittance to the persecuting insect. A single Gnat is sufficient to banish sleep, and give all the agonies of a fever. There is an end of rest,—the feeble insect has vanquished the strength of the lion.

It is only during the month of November, under the influence of a freezing north-wind, that one can coolly think of this terrible scourge, and set oneself philosophically to study the natural history of the Gnat. This page of the great book of nature is far from being uninteresting.

The Gnat (*Culex*, Linn.) belongs to the order of the *Diptera*, or insects with two wings, and to the family of the *Nemoceri*, or *Diptera* with articulated antennæ; the body and feet are very lengthy, the antennæ thickly covered with hair, and forming a plume in the males, the eyes very large, the muscles of the eye-lids prominent, filiform, and hairy, the *proboscis* producing the effect of a sting, the wings folded horizontally one over the other, above the body.

These insects especially abound in damp and hot situations. Greedy of our blood, they pursue us everywhere, announcing themselves by a shrill hum,

* This paper is translated from the work of a French Protestant clergyman residing at Nîmes, in the old province of Languedoc.

and pierce our skin, (which our clothes often do not defend,) with tongues like very fine silk, jagged at the point, forming at the same time a sting and a sucker; they infuse into the wound a venomous liquor, which causes the irritation and swelling of the part attacked. It has been remarked that it is only the females who sting.

The sting of the Gnat is placed under its throat, and consists of a formidable collection of barbed arrows and sharp instruments. It appears thus, when seen through a microscope. When the insect makes use of this apparatus to penetrate flesh, it enters entirely in; but if it is only attacking fruit for its nourishment, it simply makes use of a small tube, through which it sucks the juice.



We are hardly acquainted with any other than the aerial life of the Gnat, yet its aquatic life is also very interesting. It is upon or under the water that the Gnat is in its stages of egg, *larva*, and nymph, that is, during almost the whole of its existence, and that an existence which in no way annoys man.

The eggs of this insect have the lengthened form of an olive; their own weight is sufficient to sink them, but 250 or 300 united, and stuck together with a natural glue in the shape of a boat, float on the surface of the water till the *larvæ* come out of them. The part of this agglomeration which touches the water is convex, its upper part concave; and this skiff is so well balanced, that the most furious tempest would not upset it. The learned Kirby made the experiment himself, by placing a dozen of these little boats in a glass half full of water; he then violently troubled the water in the glass, by pouring in water from a pitcher, without being able to succeed in sinking these little boats, of which not one contained a single drop of water when he had ended his experiments.

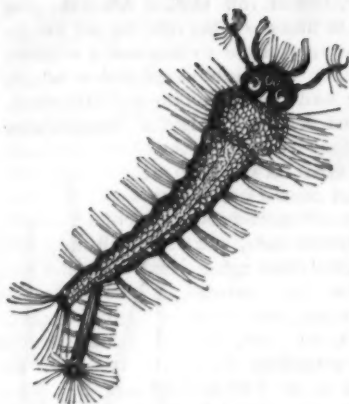
The manner in which the Gnat constructs this floating apparatus is very singular. This insect, as every one knows, is provided with six legs; it places its four front-feet on a dead leaf, a twig, or any other floating substance; its body thus remains horizontally on the surface of the water, with the exception of the last segment of its *abdomen*, which it keeps a little raised; it then extends its long hind-legs, and crosses them in the shape of the letter X, and thus forms a support for the first eggs it is about to lay. Each egg, when laid, is enclosed in a kind of glue; the female supports the first in a vertical position till the second egg is placed by its side, and glued to it; the third forms a triangle, and so on. When the boat is completed, the Gnat leaves it on the water, and flies away, to end, in a short time, that existence of which it has fulfilled the most important task.

Boat, natural Size.



Boat, seen through a Microscope.

The following figure represents the *larva* of the Gnat as seen through a microscope, the lower part containing the lungs. These *larvæ*, or worms, which are hatched from the eggs, swarm in the stagnant



waters of marshes and ponds, especially in the Spring, when the females have finished laying. They suspend themselves from the surface of the water, with their heads downwards to breathe. They have a separated round head, furnished with two sorts of *antennae* and feelers, which enable them, by the mo-

tion which they give them, to draw their food to them, a bodice with tufts of hair upon it, an almost cylindrical abdomen, divided into ten segments, of which the last but one contains the lungs, upon the back; the last is finished by silks and threads, forming a *radius*. These *larvæ* are very lively, swim with great swiftness, and dive under water frequently, but always speedily return to the surface. After having gone through various changes, they are transformed into a nymph, which continues to move, by means of a tail and two fins at its end. This also remains on the surface of the water, but in a different position from the *larva*, its lungs being placed under the bodice. It is also on the surface of the water that the perfect insect is developed. The shell of the nymph becomes a kind of raft, which preserves it from drowning. All these productions are completed in the space of three or four weeks; thus, these insects produce several generations in the same year. This explains the fearful increase of these annoying insects, and the uselessness of the means employed to extirpate them by their individual destruction.—FROSSARD.

THE whole fruit of the horse-chestnut, cut in pieces, when about the size of a *small* gooseberry, and steeped in *cold*, soft water, with as much soap as will tinge the water of a whitish colour, produces a dye like annatto; the *husks only*, broken into pieces when the fruit is nearly ripe, and steeped in the same manner, with *cold* water and soap, produce a dye more or less bright, according to the age of the husk; both are *permanent*, and will dye silk or cotton, as much of the liquor as will run clear being poured off when sufficiently dark.

THE same sun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not shine upon disappointed ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom and melancholy. Men in this deplorable state of mind find a comfort in spreading the contagion of their spleen.—BURKE.

THE salt-works at Rehme could not be passed unseen. The manner in which the water from the saline spring is made to deposit its treasure is very ingenious. Stacks of thorn boughs, three hundred feet long, sixty feet high, and thirty wide, are constructed with the uniform symmetry and neatness of a brick mansion. The water is forced to the top of this structure, and, being carried in troughs along its whole extent, is made to drip gradually through every part of it. In its passage this water deposits lime, which attaches to every twig, and forms a little forest of petrifications. Below the works are cellars, twelve feet deep, into which the purified water runs, whence it is conveyed to the boiling house, where a most pure and beautiful deposit of salt takes place on the sides of the boilers. This deposit is ladled out, and immediately packed in baskets.

—MRS. TROLLOPE'S *Belgium*.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF *RICHELIEU, DARNLEY, &c.*

I WISH I could as merry be,
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good companie,
On some gay voyage sent.
There Youth spread forth the broad white sail,
Sure of fair weather and full gale,
Confiding life would never fail,
Nor time be ever spent.

And Fancy whistled for the wind,
And if e'er Memory looked behind,
'Twas but some friendly sight to find,
And gladsome wave her hand.
And Hope kept whispering in Youth's ear
To spread more sail, and never fear,
For the same sky would still be clear,
Until they reached the land.

Health, too, and Strength, tugged at the oar
Mirth mocked the passing billows' roar,
And Joy, with goblet running o'er,
Drank draughts of deep delight;
And Judgment at the helm they set,
But Judgment was a child as yet,
And, lack-a-day! was all unfit
To guide the boat aright:—

Bubbles did half her thoughts employ,
Hope she believed—she played with Joy,
And Fancy bribed her with a toy,
To steer which way he chose;
But still they were a merry crew,
And laughed at dangers as untrue,
Till the dim sky tempestuous grew,
And sobbing south winds rose.

Then Prudence told them all she feared,
And Youth awhile his messmates cheered,
Until at length he disappeared,
Though none knew how he went
Joy hung his head, and Mirth grew dull,
Health faltered, Strength refused to pull,
And Memory, with her soft eyes full,
Backward her glance still bent—

To where, upon the distant sea,
Bursting the storm's dark canopy,
Light from a sun none now could see
Still touched the whirling wave.
And though Hope, gazing from the bow,
Turns oft,—she sees the shore,—to vow,
Judgment, grown older now, I trow,
Is silent, stern, and grave.

And though she steers with better skill,
And makes her fellows do her will,
Fear says the storm is rising still,
And day is almost spent.
Oh! that I could as merry be,
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good companie,
On some gay voyage sent.

TASTE FOR SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY.

A MIND which has once imbibed a taste for scientific inquiry, and has learnt the habit of applying its principles readily to the cases which occur, has within itself an inexhaustible source of pure and exciting contemplations: one would think that Shakspeare had such a mind in view, when he describes a contemplative man as finding—

Tongues in trees—books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones—and good in everything.

Accustomed to trace the operation of general causes, and the exemplification of general laws, in circumstances where the uninformed and uninquiring eye perceives neither novelty nor beauty, he walks in the midst of wonders; every object which falls in his way elucidates some principle, affords some instruction, and impresses him with a sense of harmony and

order. Nor is it a mere passive pleasure which is thus communicated. A thousand subjects of inquiry are continually arising in his mind, which keep his faculties in constant exercise, and his thoughts perpetually on the wing, so that lassitude is excluded from his life, and that craving after artificial excitement and dissipation of mind, which leads so many into frivolous, unworthy, and destructive pursuits, is altogether eradicated from his bosom.

It is not one of the least advantages of these pursuits, which, however, they possess in common with every class of intellectual pleasures, that they are altogether independent of external circumstances, and are to be enjoyed in every situation in which a man can be placed in life. The highest degrees of worldly prosperity are so far from being incompatible with them, that they supply additional advantages for their pursuit, and that sort of fresh and renewed relish which arises partly from the sense of contrast, partly from experience of the peculiar pre-eminence which they possess over the pleasures of sense in their capability of unlimited increase and continual repetition, without satiety and distaste. They may be enjoyed, too, in the intervals of the most active business; and the calm and dispassionate interest with which they fill the mind, renders them a most delightful retreat from the agitations and dissensions of the world, and from the conflict of passions, prejudices, and interests, in which the man of business finds himself continually involved.—SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES AMONG THE HINDOOS.

MARRIAGE is considered, among the Hindoos, as indispensable to human happiness. The unmarried man is regarded as a useless member of society, and altogether a person to be pitied, if not despised. Celibacy is only respected among devotees whose lives are consecrated to religion, the austere discipline of which among those heathens, renders such as daily undergo it, unfit either for social or domestic intercourse. When a Brahmin becomes a widower, he considers that he has fallen into a degraded state, and therefore hastens to raise himself again, as soon as possible, to the enviable dignity of a married man. Widows, however, by one of their social laws, as arbitrary as it is inhuman, are not only forbidden to marry, but forced either to sacrifice themselves upon the corpses of their deceased husbands, or pass the remainder of their lives in contempt and infamy.

Marriages in India are commonly made when the parties are in a state of infancy, and in almost all cases, the female is not above three or four years when she becomes a wife. She is frequently united to a spouse old enough to be her great-grandfather. The inclinations of the youthful bride, as may be supposed, are never consulted; and thus it scarcely ever happens that a Hindoo marriage terminates in reciprocal affection.

When the bridegroom has obtained the consent of the bride's parents to marry her, the day is fixed for the wedding; upon which occasion a magnificent entertainment is provided, and an immense number of persons assemble to partake of the banquet. All the preliminaries being settled, the bride and bridegroom are placed under a colonnade, with which the houses of the opulent in India are almost invariably adorned. It answers as a shelter from the heat of the sun, to strangers who come upon business with the master of the house.

Upon this joyful occasion, the place is gaily decorated, the betrothed being seated on a mound of earth

with their faces towards the east. All the gods are invited to the wedding by the master of the ceremonies, and especially the god of obstacles, *Vighneswara*, whose horribly ugly idol is placed near the two candidates for matrimonial honours. The neighbouring pagodas are ransacked, and all the frightful deformities which they contain, in the shape of copper divinities, are brought forward, to accept the invitation of the master of the banquet.

The bridegroom now performs an act of expiation, by making a present to the officiating Brahmin, who grants him absolution from sin. Next follows a sort of farce. The betrothed husband suddenly affects a desire to quit his bride, and go upon a pilgrimage to Casi* the Splendid, in order to wash himself in the sacred Ganges, at a celebrated ghaut in that city. He accordingly equips himself as a traveller, and, being supplied with the necessary viaticum, pretends to set out upon his holy journey, accompanied by minstrels, who keep up such a clangor before and behind him, that the very birds rise to the clouds, as if scared by the discordant din. He is accompanied by several relatives and friends, who offer to bear testimony to his pious undertaking. No sooner, however, has he got beyond the sight and hearing of those assembled to partake of the marriage banquet, than turning towards the east, he stops and awaits the coming of his future father-in-law, who takes care to be on the spot at a given time, and there, in the presence of those persons who had accompanied the bridegroom, solicits his immediate return, again formally offering him his daughter if he will desist from his meditated pilgrimage. The fictitious pilgrim, of course, readily assents to the proposal, and returns with her father to the expectant bride. Upon his return, having fastened upon his right wrist and upon the left of that of his betrothed wife a small piece of saffron, he seats himself by her side, with his face towards the east. His father-in-law then advances, looks steadfastly into his eyes, and declares he beholds the great Vishnoo. No sooner has he proclaimed this aloud, than he makes the mock divinity put both his feet into a new dish filled with cow-dung. This done, he first washes them with water, then with milk, then again with water, uttering certain potent mantras† during the whole of the singular ceremony.

This being ended, the father-in-law calls upon each of the gods whom he worships, by name. He likewise invokes the seven Rishis, or penitents, celebrated throughout Hindostan, five equally celebrated virgins, seven famous mountains, the woods, the seas, the eight cardinal points, the fourteen worlds, the year, the season, the month, the day, the minute, and many other particulars too tedious and minute to enumerate. He next joins the hands of the bride and bridegroom, pouring water over them in honour of Vishnoo. By this act, he resigns his daughter for ever to the authority of him to whom she has consented to become wedded.

Now the most important ceremony of all takes place,—that of fixing round the bride's neck the *tahli*, or marriage-knot, the badge of marriage tantamount to the wedding-ring in Christian marriages. The *tahli* is a small ornament of gold worn upon the neck, and is a sign that the person wearing it is a married woman. It is removed with great form upon the husband's death, as a widow is considered no longer worthy to wear it. Upon the *tahli* is engraved the figure of *Vighneswara*, the god of obstacles, or *Lakshmi*, the *sita*‡ of Vishnoo, or of some divinity in

* Benares.

† Mantras are certain forms of prayer.

‡ Wife.

especial estimation with the caste. It is fastened to the throat by a short string, dyed with saffron, and composed of 108 extremely fine threads.

Before tying it round the neck of the bride, she is made to sit by the side of her husband, and, after some slight preliminary ceremonies, ten Brahmins make a partition with a curtain of silk, which they extend from one to another, between them and the wedded pair, whilst the rest are reciting the mantras, and invoking Brahma with Saraswati, Vishnoo with Lakshmi, Siva with Parvati, and several more; always coupling each god with his consort. The ornament is now brought in to be fastened to the neck of the bride. It is presented on a salver, neatly garnished with sweet-smelling flowers. Incense is offered to it, and it is presented to the assistants, each of whom touches it, and invokes blessings upon it. The bride then turning towards the east, the bridegroom takes the tahlī, and, reciting a mantram aloud, binds it round her neck*.

At this stage of the proceedings, the sacrifice of the Homan is made, and the happy couple walk round the consecrated fire, which is blazing with incense. The bride then seats herself upon the mound, as before, and the husband taking her ankle in his right hand, brings it in contact with a lump of paste, formed from sandal-wood. This constitutes the happy pair, as we are accustomed to call new married couples, man and wife. The contract is ratified by their walking round the fire, and henceforward nothing can annul an engagement so solemnly made.

It is frequently the custom to pour ground rice, from fine wicker baskets, upon the heads of the newly-married pair. In some instances, beads are employed, and in others, where the parties are extremely rich, pearls are used, which become the perquisite of the attendants. Indeed, the expenses of Hindoo marriages are occasionally so enormous, that princes have been known to impoverish their states by the profusion and magnificence displayed at the wedding of their children. It often happens that a parent will expend his whole fortune upon a marriage entertainment, and pass the rest of his days in the most pitiable destitution.

The nuptial ceremonies continue many days. On the third day the astrologer consults the zodiac, and, pointing out to the married party a small star in the constellation of Ursa Major near the tail, directs them to offer their devotions to it, declaring it to be Arundhati, wife of one of the seven Rishis, or penitents.

On the following day, the husband and wife rub each other's legs with saffron-water. Many trifling ceremonies of this kind, the purpose of which it is not easy to comprehend, take place for nearly a week after the marriage has been solemnized.

The wedding dinner is invariably furnished with an immense number of guests, and, if the entertainers be rich, is always extremely magnificent. Upon this occasion only, the bride sits down to partake with her husband of the luxuries provided; indeed, both eat out of the same plates. This, however, is the only time in her life that the wife is allowed such a privilege; henceforward she never sits down to a meal with her husband. Even at the nuptial feast, she eats what he leaves, unless she be too much of an infant to be sensible of the honour to which she has been exalted.

Upon the last days of the festival, the bridegroom offers the sacrifice of the Homan, the bride throwing parched instead of boiled rice into the fire. This is the only instance in which a woman takes part in that sacrifice, considered by the Hindoos the most sacred of all except that of the Yajna. These ceremonies being concluded, a procession is made through

the streets of the town or village. It commonly takes place at night, the streets being brilliantly illuminated with innumerable torches, which gleam through the darkness with a dazzling but unnatural glare. The new married pair are seated in the same palanquin facing each other. They are magnificently arrayed in brocaded stuffs, and adorned with jewels presented to them by the fathers of each, and if their fathers are unable to do this, the gems are borrowed for the occasion. Before the palanquin marches a band of musicians, who drown every other sound in the braying of horns, the clamour of drums, pipes, and cymbals. As the procession moves onward, the friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom come out of their houses to express their congratulations as they pass, offering them various presents, for which, however, they expect a more than adequate return.

This ends the marriage solemnities.

The pomp which attends their elevation to this state shows the importance which they attach to it, and also the respect which they entertain, or at least once entertained, for those sacred bands which inseparably unite the husband and the wife†.

The wife, who, as I have already said, is generally an infant, always resides with her parents until she is of age to undertake the charge of her husband's domestic establishment. She quits the parental roof at nine or ten years of age, and is frequently a mother before she has completed her eleventh year.

J. H. C.

† Dubois.

MUTUAL affection requires to be preserved by mutual endeavours to amuse, and to meet the wishes of each other; but where there is a total neglect and indifference either to amuse or oblige, can it be wondered if affection, following the tendency of its nature, becomes indifferent, and sinks into mere civility?—?

THE CITRON, THE LEMON, THE ORANGE, &c.

THE tribe of trees to which these well-known, useful, and delicious fruits belong, contains numerous species; one author, not a modern one, notices eighteen of the Citron, eleven of the Lemon, and forty-four of the Orange; but the whole tribe are so intimately connected, that it is frequently difficult to decide to which of the three divisions many of the species ought to be ascribed. The three best known are the Citron (*Citrus vulgare*), the Lemon (*Citrus medica*), and the Orange (*Citrus aurantium*); the first of these is only known in Europe in the state of a preserve. But besides these, another species has latterly been brought into the market, namely, the Shaddock, which is frequently four times as large as most of its tribe.

Amid the innumerable variety of vegetables (says a French author,) which are spread by the hand of the Creator over the surface of the earth, there are none which can be compared with the Citron tribes, which unite all the advantages of the most agreeable plants with those of the most useful; noble and regular in their form, possessing perpetual verdure in their foliage, beauty of colour and of smell in their flowers, a deliciously flavoured fruit, whose elegant form is adorned with the colour of gold, everything, in fact, connected with these charming trees, is formed to delight the sight, to please the smell, and to gratify the taste.

These good qualities naturally attracted great attention, so that, although indigenous to the tropics, as many as four species are now, not only naturalized in the warmer parts of Europe, but the fruit has become of very great moment as an article of commerce. The Orange, from the vast quantities that are imported,

* Dubois.

is better known in England than many other kinds of fruit that are grown even in our own country. It is originally a native of China, and other parts of India, but has long since been produced in great perfection in the warmer parts of Europe. Oranges are imported in chests and boxes packed separately in paper. The best come from the Azores and Spain, but very good are also brought from Portugal, Italy, Malta, &c. The number consumed in England is immense:—

The entries of oranges and lemons for home consumption in 1831 and 1832, amounted, at an average, to 270,606 boxes a year, and assuming each box to contain 700, the number entered for consumption will have been 189,424,000. The duty produced, at an average of the above years, £61,036 a year.

The Orange-tree never attains any great size, and may be more properly called a large evergreen shrub than a tree. It is not only considered an excellent addition to the dessert, but it is also used in medicine, particularly the Seville Orange, with a bitter rind. "The juice is a grateful acid liquor, which, by allaying thirst, &c., proves of considerable use in all febrile and inflammatory disorders." It is of great use in scorbutic complaints, and the outer rind of the Seville Orange is used as a stomachic. Many other medicinal virtues are also attributed to the various productions of the Orange-tree, the efficacy of which are, perhaps, not so well ascertained.

The Lemon-tree bears a great resemblance to that last mentioned, but the leaves are considerably larger, and differ in shape by wanting the wing-like appendages near the stem, which is found in the orange-leaf. The native country of the Lemon is the eastern parts of Asia, from whence it was brought to Greece, and afterwards to Italy; from thence it was transplanted to Spain, Portugal, and the south of France. The juice of this fruit has the same medical properties as that of the Orange, and in some cases is preferred, particularly as a sea-store:—

It may be preserved in bottles for a considerable time by covering it with a thin stratum of oil; thus secured, great quantities are exported from Italy to different parts of the world; from Turkey also, where abundance of lemons are grown, it is a considerable article of export, particularly to Odessa. The discovery of the antiscorbutic properties is one of the most valuable that has ever been made. The scurvy, formerly so fatal in ships making long voyages, is now almost wholly unknown, a result that is entirely to be ascribed to the regular allowance of lemon-juice served out to the men. The juice is also frequently administered as a medicine, and is extensively used in punch.

The lemon-juice is frequently concentrated by means of cold; the watery parts, becoming frozen, are removed in the shape of ice, and the liquid that remains is of course increased in strength.

The Citron, which is very much larger than the Lemon, is only brought to this country as a sweet-meat; the juice has the same property as that of the Lemon: it was brought originally from the east of Asia.

The Lime, which is much smaller than the Citron, has the same properties, and is derived from the same part of the world; but it is cultivated not only in the south of Europe, but also in the West Indies and the warmer parts of America, where it is invariably found in a preserved state, forming a portion of the dessert. The beautiful scent called bergamot, is prepared from the rind of a small species of lime.

The Shaddock, as we have already said, is, at times, at least four times as large as the Orange, which it resembles in shape, but it differs much in size, and receives various names, according to the whim of the dealers; it is called Adam's Apple, the Forbidden Fruit, and Pomeroy.

The Shaddock was introduced into the West Indies by a Captain Shaddock, and thus received his name; the colour of the rind is that of a pale orange, and the flavour of the juice a sweetish acid, intermediate between that of the Orange and the Lemon, with rather a bitter taste.



THE CITRON TRIBE.